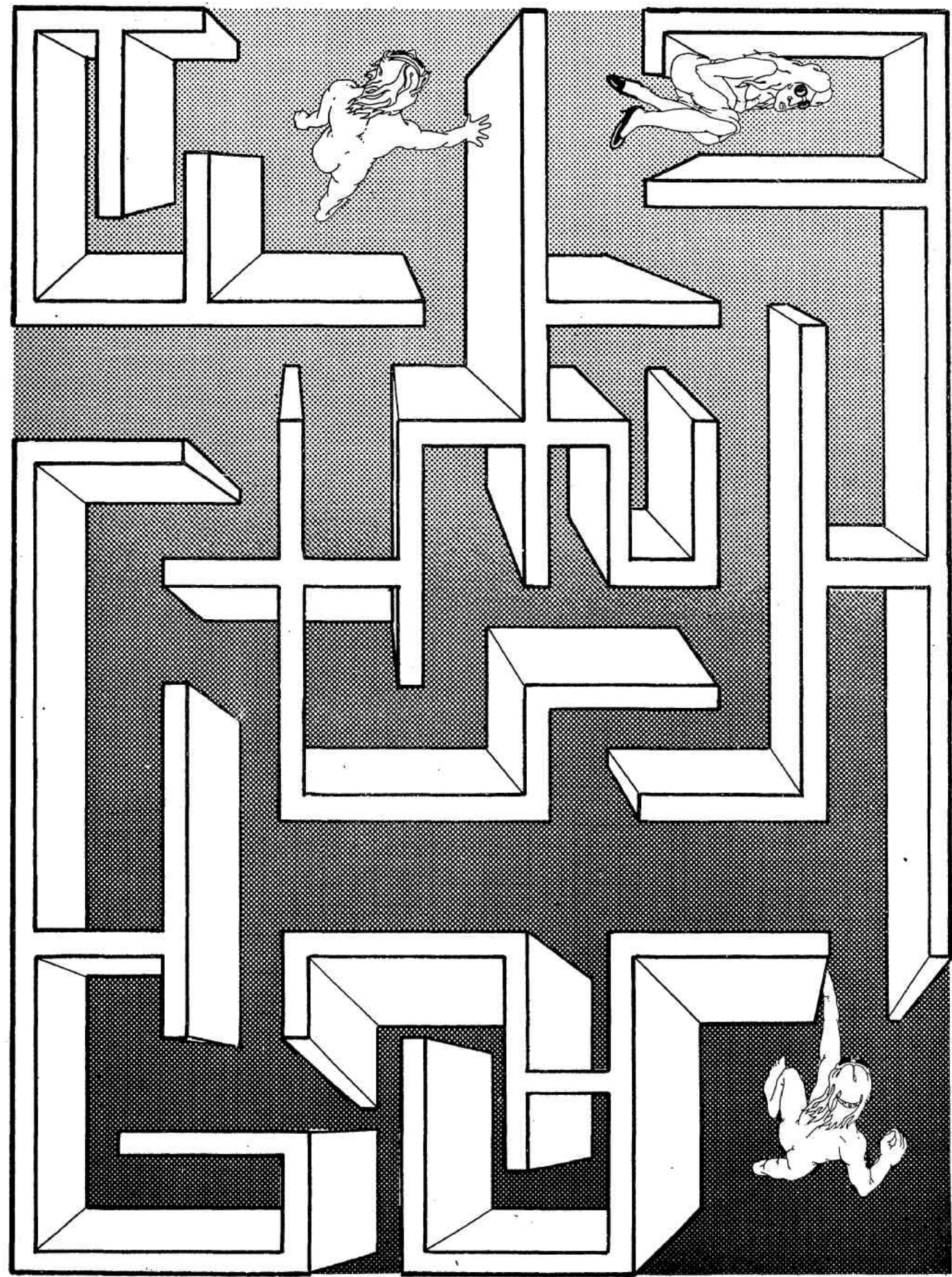


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WORONI

Newspaper of the ANU Students Association

WORONI, vol. 27, No. 2, 6th March 1975



assessment assessment

This is an interim report. We are publishing an interim report rather than waiting to produce some sort of final report because it is about a matter of immediate interest to students, a matter about which they will be required to take a position, by their lecturers and tutors if by no-one else, early in the year.

You may hear a lot about optional assessment this year. Optional assessment, as most people know, is any form of assessment which involves the student choosing between ways in which he, or she, might be assessed. An enormous number of different optional assessment arrangements can be conceived of. They vary from the trivial (say varying the weight of an essay a few per cent) to the quite important (say being able to do two essays instead of an exam).

However, some people probably think that optional assessment is just an untried scheme. This is quite false — last year, and in years before that, optional assessment was quite widely used at the ANU. The major form used has been that in which one can choose some alternative to the traditional three hour exam, but many other interesting optional arrangements have been tried.

Comprehensive information on which units had optional assessment, what form of it they had, and what the staff and students involved felt about it, is hard to come by. However, it is known that a large number of units had optional assessment last year. Also, in the case of a considerable number of these units, it is known what particular optional assessment arrangement they had. The general consensus among staff and students in units which have had optional assessment seems to be that it was an improvement.

The information on which these conclusions are based is somewhat inadequate (that is one of the reasons this is styled an interim report) but it does show some things clearly and is suggestive in regard of others. A major source of data is the report which the academic registrar collates each month for the meeting of the Board of the School of General Studies (BSGS) in accord with a direction given by the Board in the middle of last year. The report is supposed to detail what the various departments and faculties have been, and are, doing about the sort of things the education campaign was last year concerned with: so far two such reports have been produced.

The amount of information on the assessment procedures used in a department has varied immensely from department to department. Some have produced tables which specify the assessment procedure used in every unit in the department; others have only said that everybody in the department is happy, or that a general formula, satisfactory to all interested parties, has been arrived at.

From the two reports the following data can be extracted: there were 50 units specified as having optional assessment of some sort. Thirty-four of the 50 had exams entirely optional; that is, they had arrangements whereby you could choose to avoid written exams entirely. Fifteen had exams partly optional; that is, in 15 units you could vary the proportion of your assessment based on written exams, but could not avoid having some assessment on that basis. One other had another arrangement.

Now, these figures are an absolute minimum. Only four departments of the 40 odd in the ANU specified which units had optional assessment and which did not, or said anything on the basis of which you could estimate the number of units with optional assessment. These four departments, Statistics, Linguistics, Chinese and Japanese, provided 43 of the 50 units specified. They provided 32 of the 34 units specified as having fully optional exams, and 11 of the 15 with partly optional exams.

Some other departments said that they had some, or even a lot of, optional assessment of such and such a sort, but didn't say anything you could extract figures from. For instance, the philosophy department said "We have in general been guided by the principle . . . that the students shall severally have some choice in the means of assessment. We make much use of a kind of assessment whereby it is possible for a student to pass on the basis of a year's work, without sitting for end of year examinations, but in which end of year examinations are available to him if he wishes to improve his performance." In addition I know of at least eight units (in three faculties), unmentioned in the reports, which had optional assessment in 1974; and all but one of these had completely optional exams. There were quite a few more than 50 units with optional assessment last year: my freehand estimate is that there were at least 100.



As to what the staff and students who experienced it thought of it — optional assessment was one of the major issues in last year's education campaign. Those who took an interest, or a part, in the Campaign took part in widespread discussions in evolving, expounding, and promoting, our optional assessment policy. Naturally, some of us, and some of the people we talked with, were students, or staff members, in units with optional assessment. There was a consensus that, as far as we could tell, the people who had experienced, or were experiencing, optional assessment, both students and staff, were, in the main part, for it. Further, I have been in 4 units having optional assessment, 3 of which have had completely optional exams. The staff in these units professed themselves satisfied with the way the optional system worked. So did all fellow students I talked to about the matter. In discussions with students in other units with optional assessment, I can't recall any objections to it.

So what? What does data like this prove? Ideally, the way to get sound information here would be to find out which units had what forms of optional assessment, and to ask the students and staff of those units, or some random sample thereof, how well they thought it had worked. Unfortunately we don't have any information like that to hand. All we have at the moment is the sort of impressionistic stuff I've mentioned.

As far as the staff go I can't see any compelling reason for thinking

that the known attitudes are representative, although they might well be.

However in the case of students who experienced the most common form of optional assessment, completely optional exams, what they liked about it indicates that students very probably liked that form of assessment in every unit in which it was provided. What the people we know most valued about optional assessment was the chance it gave to choose not to undergo formal written exams. Many, probably most, students dislike doing exams, either because they tend to crack up and do poorly, or because, whatever their results, they find the whole experience intensely unpleasant.

People in this position value, as they are not slow to say, the opportunity to avoid exam stress.

So much for generalizations about how many units there are with optional assessment and how satisfied people are with it.

Apart from these generalizations what we know from our data is that optional assessment is commoner than sometimes thought, that in some units it has been, in the judgment of students and staff, eminently successful, that many students have seen in it the considerable benefits noted, and that it is an established, if somewhat atypical, part of academic life.

Hopefully, better information, both about what happened last year and about what will happen this year, will become available soon. It will be printed as it comes to hand.

FROM THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

The struggle for low cost accommodation continues. The bond scheme has elicited favourable response from some of the bigger land agents but as yet has produced few houses. We do have an offer of shearing quarters in good condition in beautiful country twenty miles out (will accommodate twelve nature lovers at \$5 per week). People interested in this or in putting themselves on our list for group housing should contact the Students' Association Office (492444/487818).

For other accommodation problems contact Mrs Rosling (49 3454). The University is certainly showing greater concern and co-operation on this issue than it was a few months ago. The fight for better conditions for students in Corin Dam Huts will now hopefully be taken up by the residents.

I would like to remind students that if in their dealings with the bureaucracy they don't get a fair go they can seek assistance from the Students' Association office. We deal in people not just committees and demands. Also the education campaign is greatly assisted if students give us information about what is going on - like the sociology unit which has time tabled classes in the vacation, or, the disenfranchisement of first year students on the departmental committee in Accounting and Public Finance.

Our campaign against the repressive Public Order Act progresses slowly as does the Campaign against Racial Exploitation. On the Education front I believe we should push strongly for elected Heads of Departments since this will produce increased flexibility. I also believe that we should urge a reorganization of Johns College: it is no accident that Johns is half empty at the time of an accommodation crisis.

The Co-operative Bookshop has marked up prices on a large number of books; I am attempting to have this situation rectified. The students who were arrested in the Education Campaign last year appear in court on Monday 10. There is a meeting to protest about the lack of LOW COST ACCOMMODATION in Garma Place at 7pm on Friday night. It is essential that this action be successful.

REMINDERS -

1. Students' Association General Meetings, Wednesday 8pm
Refectory: March 5, March 19.

2. Nominations are open for:

- 1 AUS Secretary
- 2 Members AUS Committee
- 1 Education Committee Chairperson
- 1 Nominee on Arts Faculty
- 1 Nominee on Science Faculty
- 6 Members of Education Committee
- 1 Treasurer
- 2 Members of Finance Committee
- 1 Chairman Clubs and Societies Committee
- 2 Members of Clubs and Societies Committee
- 1 ANU Buildings and Grounds Committee Rep.

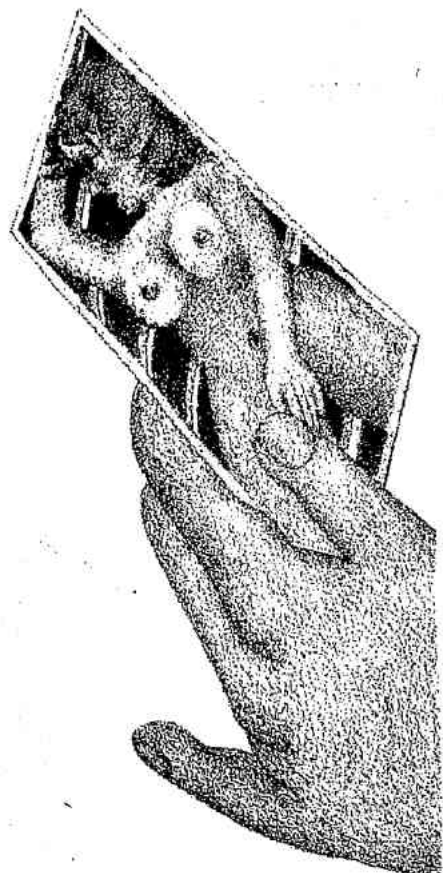
(Nominations to Julius Roe, Students' Association Office)

EIGHTEEN PEOPLE REQUIRED!

Treasurer, AUS Secretary and Education Committee Chairperson require a fair bit of work. The other positions require only a few hours work each week at the most.

STUDENTS REQUIRE YOUR INVOLVEMENT!

- JULIUS ROE
President



EXPLANATION

'Law Society Newsletter: President's Message' on P.10 of the previous issue is the newsletter of the ACT Law Society not the ANU Law Society.

- editor

6 MARCH 7.30 pm

ANU Law Society's Fresher's Welcome. Cheap beer, wine and food.

APOLOGY

ORIENTATION WEEK HANDBOOK - APOLOGY

We, the editors of the 1975 Orientation Week Handbook, would like to apologise for the editorial oversight leading to the inclusion of an article on John XXIII College, containing damaging statements on various employees of that College, and, in particular, that person there called "Mrs J": statements we hold to be both false and libellous.

*David Brooks, Michael Bozic,
Alison Summers, Jane Drake-Brockman.*

I, the author of the above mentioned article would like to withdraw the comments made therein, on employees of John XXIII College and, in particular, that person there called "Mrs J", and to apologise for any distress and inconvenience they may have caused.

John Fowler



SNOW WHITE

AS SEXIST PROPAGANDA



I had been thinking about the negative conditioning of women, and how pervasive it is in our society, so I picked one children's fairy tale, entirely at random and did an analysis of it. The one I picked was 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs', and by the time I had finished I decided that, for women, the story is far more subversive and dangerous than a book like *Mein Kampf*.

First of all, the Stepmother: stepmothers are always evil and rotten in children's literature. No wonder children have difficulty accepting a stepmother, for she is always evil in their imaginations. Now the mirror is the catalyst for the whole story, and this is very appropriate in our society. A woman's entire destiny IS bound up with what she sees in the mirror. If she sees in there what society considers to be beauty, she will 'get a good man' that is, one with status who will maintain or increase her standard of living. If she sees what society considers to be ugliness, then she will not only feel inferior all her life, but will be regarded as inferior. So this mirror is rightly the catalyst in the story, for it is when Snow White surpasses her stepmother in beauty that all hell breaks loose. Here our impressionable little readers learn that one must not only be a peerless beauty to be top dog in the female world, but one must be the unsurpassed beauty, the most beautiful of ALL to be a heroine. And goodness, of course, is linked only to unsurpassed beauty; nobod' pities the stepmother for being so hung-up on her looks that she will murder to remain pre-eminent. We all understand exactly why she flips her lid. It is because step-mothers are so wicked and because physical beauty is so outrageously, so cruelly, so insanely important in our society — particularly for women. So the stepmother tries to get rid of Snow White — and note the name, which symbolizes innocence and unblemished chastity. In fact, frigid chastity — but that's o.k. That will keep her virgo intacta till the Prince arrives with his wedding ring.

But the unter who has been paid to bump off Snow White can't possibly do it — I mean, how could you EVER bump off the most beautiful girl in the world? It simply couldn't happen. So, his courage turned to jelly by the sight of her exquisite helplessness and beauty, he lurches back to the wicked stepmother with an animal's heart instead. This is not so inappropriate because now we have the touching scene with Snow White left in the woods. Please note that in every fairy tale or nursery rhyme the heroine never does a damn thing. She is never an actor, she is always acted UPON by circumstances and, of course, by that prime actor, the hero.

So she, being utterly beautiful, and also utterly stupid and helpless, wanders around in a daze — but she is helped and guided by throngs of eager little animals, who are also bowled over by her ineffable beauty. This leads us to conclude that Snow White is perhaps dumber than dumb animals. But anyway, they lead her to a cottage which turns out to be a housewife's nightmare. It is inhabited by seven crummy, lazy, untidy bachelors — and naturally, since she is a female, and only FEMALES, even exquisite beautiful ones, are suited to housework, she turns to and cleans up this hideous pigsty of a seven-bachelor pad. We all know that women *instinctively* do housework — it comes down in the genes — so naturally Snow White KNOWS how to do it, even though she has never lifted a finger up till this point. Somewhere in this dumb stupidity of beautiful women lies dormant an eager efficient housewife. The dwarfs, of course, are engaged in fulfilling the capitalist dream — digging for diamonds. The product of their labour is of no earthly use to anyone really, except as a means of exchange in the market place — but they go off to their labours extremely cheerfully with all those HIHO HIHOs every day. And who wouldn't with a clean house and a hot meal to come back to?

Snow White is now really in the manure, and from my point of view, with THIS deal she's got, I would gladly eat a poisoned apple any day. She is an unpaid labourer with no holidays, no overtime, no tenure, and no worker compensation for injuries on the job — a typical housewife, only worse. It is, of course, essential for these men to be about three feet high so that, although they are perfect pigs around the house, there can be no suspicion of sexual contact between Snow White and the seven dwarfs, because she must remain virgo intacta for the Prince.

Now try to imagine this story if these seven men had all been six feet tall. Anyway, along comes the wicked stepmother with her poisoned apples — and note that it was an apple that send Adam and Even out of the Garden of Eden, and it was the woman's fault in that case too. Well, you know the ending. Snow White is out cold preserved under glass like some choice banquet DISH for the prince. Only HE can bring her back to life, only HIS kiss will do the trick.

And so our passive, good, beautiful, utterly stupid female heroine lives happily ever afterwards, *only* through the activity of the male.

And after you tell girls this same story in about 7,562 different ways — is it so very surprising that they end up believing it?

TONI CHURCH

WHIP ME, BEAT ME, FLAY ME.

In attempting to define radicalism, I went initially to the Pocket Oxford Dictionary (how radical) but it was no help . . . so I constructed my own definition:

"Radicalism encompasses any fields of thought not commonly tolerated; and should investigate all alternatives". How does that grab you? It is certainly a pretentious generalization but as good a basis as any to work from.

Unfortunately, radical ideas are severely limited by time; what was radical in 1970 is now conservative if not irrelevant. To maintain a flow of radical thought more than mere one-dimensional thinking is required. But anyway, why is radicalism even desirable? You may well ask. Perchance to compensate for mass inertia, the "I'm allrightjack" syndrome and the dull acceptance of current aims and ideas. Only by examining new potentials, by exploring every possible avenue, can there be a confrontation with the wide array of stimuli necessary for progressive thought (sounds like mescaline).

Within the campus political structure, for example, a more radical approach (relative to my definition) could be employed. To date, the education campaign in particular has been limited by conservative interpretations and outmoded techniques. "Mass" action, sit ins, protests and occupation lost a lot of their effectiveness when roll-your-own oats became passe. Given the campaign's partial success last year we can only be grateful that the administration grows its own again.

But a digression into the techniques employed is pointless. More important are the aims. In the past, those students agitating for change have merely proposed modifications to an inefficient and biased system. The relevant bureaucracy is confronted with extra paperwork, the student mass can hope for a marginal improvement (with complications) at best. If Joe Students is rolling along with passes and credits that's all he needs to keep him content. Joe Student comes to university with no ulterior motives for higher education or intellectual reappraisal. Joe Students is bloody hard to mot-

ivate. A flow of radical ideas doesn't always stimulate his cerebellum . . . sometimes it does, but.

In short, the backbone of the campaign should be searching for alternatives not proposing a derivative of the current system with all the flaws and fuck ups inherent in it. Unfortunately, no viable, radical and inspiring system springs readily to mind (if it did, it wouldn't be radical . . . would it?). It is possible, if we thoroughly investigate all potential substitutes now, if we don't insist on seeing the perfected implementation in the next 18 months or so, if we just keep working on new (to ANU) aims and possibilities, maybe something worthwhile will eventuate. Otherwise, what's the point? If this current campaign (which nonetheless deserves support because it is achieving *something*) is successful Joe Student wouldn't even notice. It's not just the system that needs changing, it's us as well.

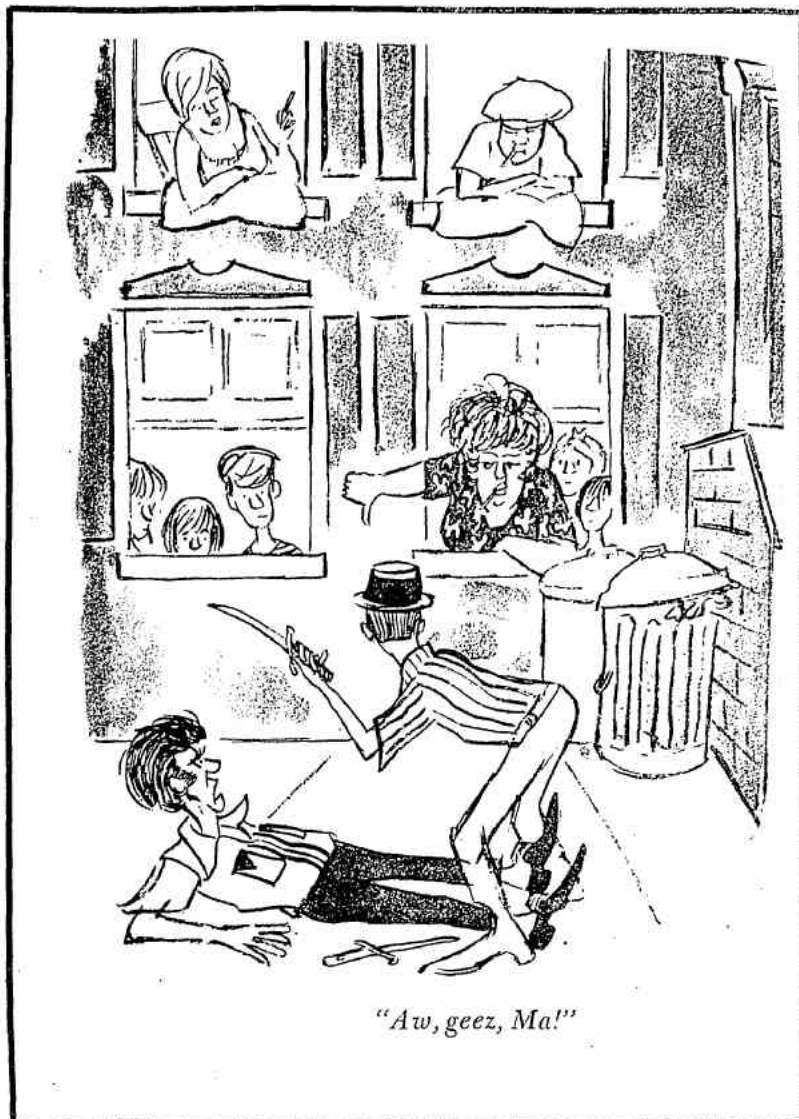
And it's all very well to say we should think up a brilliant new system . . . it's another matter doing it!

Radicalism is a concept of greater scope than just politics, and maintaining a continual flow of prospective modes of action can be a challenging exercise. Luke Rhinehart, in his book "The Dice Man" explores this theme further. You use the throw of the dice to select one of several options. You can, of course, set the options to whatever limits you impose but even if you allocate the extreme options a low probability of eventuating, the challenge is to include *as a possibility* options of such extremity that they would not normally be considered.

To some extent this is radical behaviour in the real sense. One of the requisites for radicalism is that it considers all possibilities . . . why not choose the relevant action at random?

Needless to say, I'm exploiting the peculiarities of my custom built definition. Maybe I designed it with the Dice Theory in mind . . . it seemed logical at the time.

Besides, radicalism is connected to the thigh bone a parting gesture and maintains a steady flow of drivel. To some extent this is radical behaviour in the real sense it is behaviour extent some radical. In a sense, . . . a form of behaviour. Which has noth-



ing to do with lateral thinking.

This is another "alternative action" type theory. If you can think in more than one logical plane you're three quarters there. There is an example set in the classic melodrama situation (villain holds the mortgage, father goes to jail unless daughter marries villain) and the heroine pleads and the villain is moved, he gives her a chance. They go to a steam which has a bed of black and white pebbles. "I will take a black pebble and a white pebble and put them in this paper bag" says the villain. "If you pick the white one I'll let you off, if you pick the black one, well its jail 'or Dad or marriage for you". But she sees him take two black pebbles. What does she do? Lateral thinking provides a neat solution. The heroine takes one pebble and then lets it slip through her fingers and it is lost in the stream bed. Hence, she points out, the one in the bag would be the other pebble. Of course, it is a black one, therefore she must have chosen the white one! Pretty neat, eh!

Admittedly, the dice theory would not be too effective in chess (it would be different) but with lateral thinking chess can be really incredible. Even in such mundane areas as Economics, it's about time people started to investigate all other options rather than be content to follow the same well worn and uninspired paths that we've been dragged by the scruff of the neck along for the past 30 years. Marxism is another beaten road that began in the 19th Century and is now buried in ineffective irrelevance.

Again, I'm preaching away from my soap box about new ideas without coming out with a single one but even

minor improvisation is better than static boredom. Which leads me, irrevocably, to the *Whip Me, Beat Me, Flay Me* philosophy. A whip me, beat me, flay me attitude is effected, for example, when razor blades are spinning around in your brain and you're enjoying it. It's not so much *beating your head against a brick wall because it's nice when you stop* because it's most enjoyable while it's happening. If you happen to be an acid freak and if you've ever dropped two four-way tabs and if you've ever tripped so far out of your brain that your contact lenses fall inward . . . you know what I'm talking about. To simply call this way of life hedonistic or overindulgent is a gross simplification. WBF followers need a much greater gauge of the aesthetic. It's only when the chosen activities are so good that they hurt, or so bad that they're good, and this attitude is demonstrable. Not that it need only apply to music, sex or drugs. Even the sciences could benefit from a little flagellation.

One aspect of this philosophy is the tendency for something to be always happening: the process of continual change, the perpetual re-evaluation of aims and habits, the use of *Why not?* as a solution to procedural dilemmas. Admittedly staying within the sphere of social interaction requires a careful balance of extreme and conformist behaviour. They shoot freaks, don't they? And if you can create a subtle combination of random behaviour, alternative logic and enjoyable suffering maybe life will be interesting. I'm just an armchair extremist.

ROLAND MANDERSON

A A



STORY

Once upon a time, in our very own time, there was a young man who stood upon the threshold of his life as an adult. His parents had loved and praised him, so that his heart lay open to love; his teachers had instructed him in the needs of society and the joys of achievement, so that he expected much of himself; and his beloved had chosen him above all others, till death did them part, so that his daily life was full of happiness and pride. Strong in his youth, trusting his strength, he chose to enter a demanding and useful profession, one of the great tasks of the world, a task which would call forth his utmost abilities and ambitions.

His guidance counsellor said it was an interesting choice, of course, but since his type of person was especially good with children, and primary teachers were so in demand, and nurses also, and by the way how fast could he type? And his beloved said, how about not making any plans for next year. I have to see about my job first; then if it looks like we need the money you can always line up a job in Toronto. And his parents said to him, sharing of goals and working together are the important things in life, the sacrifices you make now will deepen the love you already share. And his old teachers said to him, how is your beloved's work coming? You must be very proud of such a promising beloved. And you want to work also, how fast can you type? And his father said to him, in private, I know you had high hopes for yourself, but don't worry, soon there will be children, you have to think of the important things first, children change your entire life, you learn to live for their sakes, not just yourself.

And the young man was doubtful whether this advice was in his best interests, but their love and their experience caused him to doubt himself, and besides the employers he talked to were sure that his type of person tended to quit and wasn't worth training, but he did have a delightful smile and how fast could he type? And his pastor who had studied psychology and sociology, with a minor in ethical systems, explained that there was nothing wrong in the young man's dilemma, just the natural insecurity felt when choosing a career. However, boys have a special aptitude for loving and serving others and finding fulfilment in that fashion because after all, it is their natural instinct.

So, in the end, being good hearted and wishing to think that their advice was good, the young man accepted a job in typing and tried to develop himself in his spare time after his work and the cooking (for which a person of this type has a natural aptitude) and washing the dishes (with which his beloved occasionally helped, as a favour, after a long and demanding day on the job). When his beloved got a promotion and a transfer to a new city, they went shopping together for a new garment for him and celebrated all evening with friends, and everyone said how charming he was in his new garment, and how proud he must be of his beloved, and how lucky he was to have such an important and loving beloved, and afterwards in private, his beloved was indeed very loving.

He soon found another job, for he was used to being delightful and he could type well enough. After dinner and dishes he developed an interest in cooking (he had a way with spaghetti)

and wondered if children would make a difference, or would a night course in drama make a difference, or a subscription to *Time*, or would a sex manual deepen the relationship he already shared with his beloved, or would a more youthful cut to his garments give him a new image and a new outlook on life this fall

Judith McCombs
The Little Magazine
Spring '72.

HEALTH

The Australian Union of Students Friendly Society has arranged for its members in NSW, Victoria, Tasmania and SA to receive health insurance at rates from one quarter to one half of the normal commercial premiums. All full and part time students, and spouse, are eligible, with an age limit of 30 years (SA - 25). As well as medical and public hospital cover, intermediate ward cover is available to students in NSW, Vic and SA. No waiting period if transferring from another registered health fund. The scheme is underwritten by highly reputable organisations, registered to provide benefits under the National Health Act. Why pay an extra \$40-80 per year?

Available at Students' Association office.

	Medical & public hospital	Medical & intermediate hospital
NSW	\$27.00	\$32.00
Vic.	\$24.00	\$28.00
Tas.	\$19.08	—
SA	\$40.00	\$46.00

AUS Friendly Society



RECORD REVIEW

ILLUSIONS ON A DOUBLE
DIMPLE — TRIUMVIRAT
(Harvest IC 062-29 491D).

*This record is a riot. Especially if you're one of the cognoscenti of modern music i.e. one who sits around listening to endless records, generally in a wrecked state. When we first heard this we were all in hysterics. Why, you might well ask? Is it because this is a German band? Is it because they sing humorous lyrics? Is it because they all look like escapees from an asylum? No. It's because this record is a walking, talking *deja vu*. If you've kept up at all with the music world, you'll have heard nearly all of this album before. This band must not realize just how much of what they play is ripped off. And it's a damn shame because Triumvirat could be one of the best bands around for their kind of music.*

They are cast in the Emerson, Lake and Palmer mould — same lineup of three people, bass, drums and keyboard. They play the same music, too. On the second side we were able to recognize pieces of music from Yes, The Nice, The Beatles, Focus, Strömbs, The Who. It's just so derivative. There were some pieces we couldn't recognize, so they might be original. I hope so as they are good and they do show promise. Apparently, live, they border on being phenomenal. I can well believe it, as they only rip-off the best, and they play excitingly.

I've listened to this album repeatedly and now the novelty has worn off, I listen to it more than any ELP outing. I recommend this to anyone who wants a laugh, and secondly to anyone who wants a sample of this school of music. It's on release in Australia. If you're looking for it in the racks, it's the one with the white mouse crawling out of the eggshell. (If that doesn't hook you, there's no hope for you at all. Plebs.)

LAYOU T PARTY

18 th MARCH

WORONI OF FICE

BRING YOUR OWN
8.00 TILL WHENEVER

'Terrorism', despite the pious efforts of Government and Opposition alike, seems to be on the increase. Consider the events surrounding the Federal Cabinet's decision to refuse a visa to the Palestinian Liberation Organisation delegation.

When the proposed visit was first announced, denunciations of 'PLO' terrorism' were so common that no politician below the level of a State Opposition Leader could get their remarks into the daily papers. From all the noise, it would have been easy to conclude that the five-member delegation was the vanguard of an army intending to establish a Palestinian state on the West Bank of Lake Burley Griffin. The threat seemed so serious that it required a meeting of Federal Cabinet — probably the first time that body has had to deliberate over a visa since the last Liberal-Country Party Government forestalled an invasion by the Belgian Marxist Ernest Mandel.

The uproar hardly prepared one for the reasons eventually advanced to explain the Government's decision. The official explanation delivered to the PLO said that the visas had

SO BROADMINDED



been knocked back "after full weight was given to the immediate problems of wide divisions and possible violence in the Australian community". The terrorists, according to that explanation, are not the PLO but the "Australian community".

Presumably the wording of Canberra's explanation to the PLO was an example of Whitlam's 'even-handed' policy in the Middle East. It's

difficult to find a precise definition of what the ALP Government means by 'even-handed', but the phrase seems to be a replacement for 'two-faced'.

Perhaps Whitlam's policy would be clearer if it were described as 'two-handed', meaning: Shake hands with one hand, and twist the knife with the other.

Bob Hawke may or may not some day satisfy his dream of being a prime minister, but he will never be appointed a diplomat. Diplomats have to find sugary words to coat their real thoughts, while Hawke tends to blurt out whatever stupidity is uppermost in his mind at the moment. His argument for banning the PLO delegation was that there are already Arab governments represented in Canberra and they could speak for the Palestinians.

Actually, Hawke probably thought he was being diplomatic. At least he didn't say: "All these wogs look the same to me".

ALLEN MYERS

Reprinted from the socialist fortnightly DIRECT ACTION.



CULTURAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

Nominations are hereby called for Six (6) Positions on the Cultural Affairs Committee.

Eligibility to nominate and vote are as follows:

Members of

- 1) ANU Students' Association
- 11) ANU Research Students' Association
- 111) The academic and general staff of the Australian National University.

Nominations open on Friday 7 March, and close 4.00 pm Friday, 28th March, 1975.

Voting will be held on 31 March, 1 and 2 April.

Nominations must be made in writing and must be signed by the proposer and seconder who must be members of the electorate and must also be signed by the candidate who must declare his willingness to perform the duties of a member of the Committee if elected.

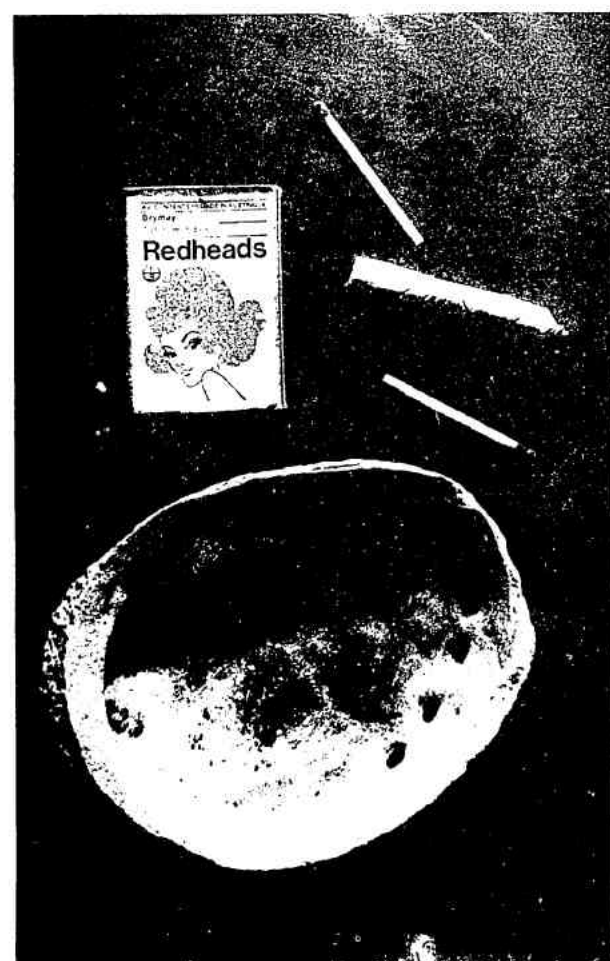
Julius Roe
Returning Officer





Cannabis Sativa ('pot')

A 'reefer', matches and ashtray. The requisites for a marijuana 'fix'



'i smoked marijuana and it made me rape and kill.'

A Qld. farmer visiting 'friends' in Canberra.



Marijuana, (Cannabis Sativa) the dangerous and potent hallucinogen, is becoming increasingly fashionable amongst the young in Australia. The drug is normally consumed in cigarette form (a 'reefer'). The effects include drowsiness, euphoria and dizziness. Often, after over indulgence, marijuana addicts experience nausea, increased appetite and need much more sleep. Hence, addicts are generally apathetic and lazy, shiftless burdens on society. Many are continually out of employment. Most marijuana smokers take little interest in current affairs, lack motivation and have little or no social responsibility. Most of the leading 'political' activists who advocate violent overthrow of the democratic government indulge in marijuana, and violent 'pot' parties, with immoral sexual behaviour and loud music, commonly disturb the more mature members of our society. We spoke to several addicts who

described their experiences with the drug. 'Bruce': Well you know, I mean, we were at this party and we was all . . . um . . . smoking, you know, um . . . er hashish, from um . . . um . . . you know, hooka. (hashish is the marijuana resin, and is about twenty times as strong as the leaves and flowers, a hooka is pictured below right) 'Trevor': And this bird took off her clothes and we all f—d her and then Barry took off his clothes and then we threw rocks through the windows of the houses in the street. 'Bruce': We were all 'high' and 'turned on' and there was, errr, this old lady and we . . . um . . . you know . . . beat her up, and er . . . you know . . . took her money. 'Raelene': I was really really 'tuned in' to pot, like baby it's really hip and some of us sort of slept for 12 hours and then f—d a whole lot and, you

know like it was really really super hip baby and really hype like all this Bacharach music that was so hip and groovy and we played it really really loud. 'Bruce', 'Trevor' and 'Raelene' are pseudonyms as they feared that their 'pusher' would no longer supply them if they become well known. Their real names are Trevor, Bruce and Bruce. They live in Drummond St. Carlton, only we're not going to give you their address, either. But where does this drug come from? Rumours filtering thru the 'drug scene' suggest that farmers in Queensland and Western Australia, hard pressed by the centralist, socialist policies of the communist dominated federal Labor government have turned to marijuana production as the only profitable primary industry. Pictured, centre right, is a rich Queensland farmer with 'friends' in Canberra.



A hooka which cools the harsh hot smoke



TIMOR

INDEPENDENCE

Australian inaction over the next few weeks may end any hope of independence for 650,000 people of East Timor.

During the last few weeks Indonesia has been running a newspaper campaign through its official press agency Antara, against alleged 'left-wing elements' and 'political terrorism'. It claims that there is strong anti-Indonesian feeling in Timor and that Timor presents a security risk to Indonesia. Refugees from these 'leftwing forces' are now supposedly crossing over to Indonesian Timor. Indonesia has just refused Australian reporters permission to visit Indonesian Timor to verify these claims.

Australian diplomatic and press observers interpret these reports as a propaganda campaign designed to lead up to and justify an Indonesian military takeover of Timor. Alarm was triggered off in Australian military and intelligence circles by reports of Indonesian military exercises simulating an invasion.

Officials in Canberra were so concerned that they leaked information in the hope of producing a public reaction and so warning Indonesia that an invasion would produce strong anti-Indonesian feelings in Australia.

Indonesia has been assuming that Australia would not object to a takeover of Timor, ever since Mr Whitlam's illconsidered statement in Jakarta last year that Australia would welcome East Timor's integration into Indonesia.

Timor lies 400 miles to the north of Darwin. For over 450 years the Eastern half of the island, with a population of 650,000 has been under Portuguese colonial rule. While there were moves by the Timorese for independence, these were quickly put down, and Timor has never known the prolonged warfare of the liberation struggles of Portugal's African colonies, Mozambique, Angola and Guinea-Bissau. As a result political parties only began to emerge in Timor after the coup in Portugal on April 25, 1974.

OR ...

The three parties that emerged, Fretilin, UDT and Apodeti, represented the three options for Timor's future — independence, continued ties with Portugal, or integration into Indonesia. Portugal has made it clear that the present relationship will not continue; as a result UDT and Fretilin which between them command the support of 95% of the politically active people in Timor have recently formed a united front to demand independence. The third party, Apodeti, which favours integration into Indonesia, has only a few hundred supporters, despite heavy Indonesian financial backing and the support of ferocious propaganda broadcasts in the local language, from Radio Kipang in Indonesian Timor.

"Independence is the only way towards progress and real development of the people of East Timor" says a recent manifesto of Fretilin. No people will be able to realise their aspirations and defend their interests and rights if they are not makers of their own destiny". Unfortunately the Timorese may not get the chance to determine their future.

The people in Dili, Timor's capital, have little knowledge of or say in the elaborate diplomatic and strategic chess game being played out in Jakarta, Canberra, Lisbon and New York that will determine whether or not they get a chance to choose their future. In Jakarta observers believe that the final decision to invade has not yet been made; President Suharto concerned for Indonesia's international respectability, is resisting pressure from the right wing military faction associated with General Ali Mutopo.



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HEWLETT  PACKARD

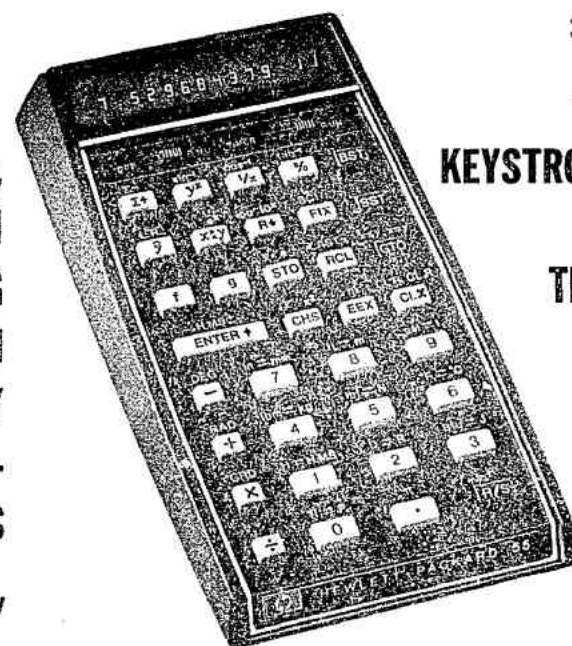
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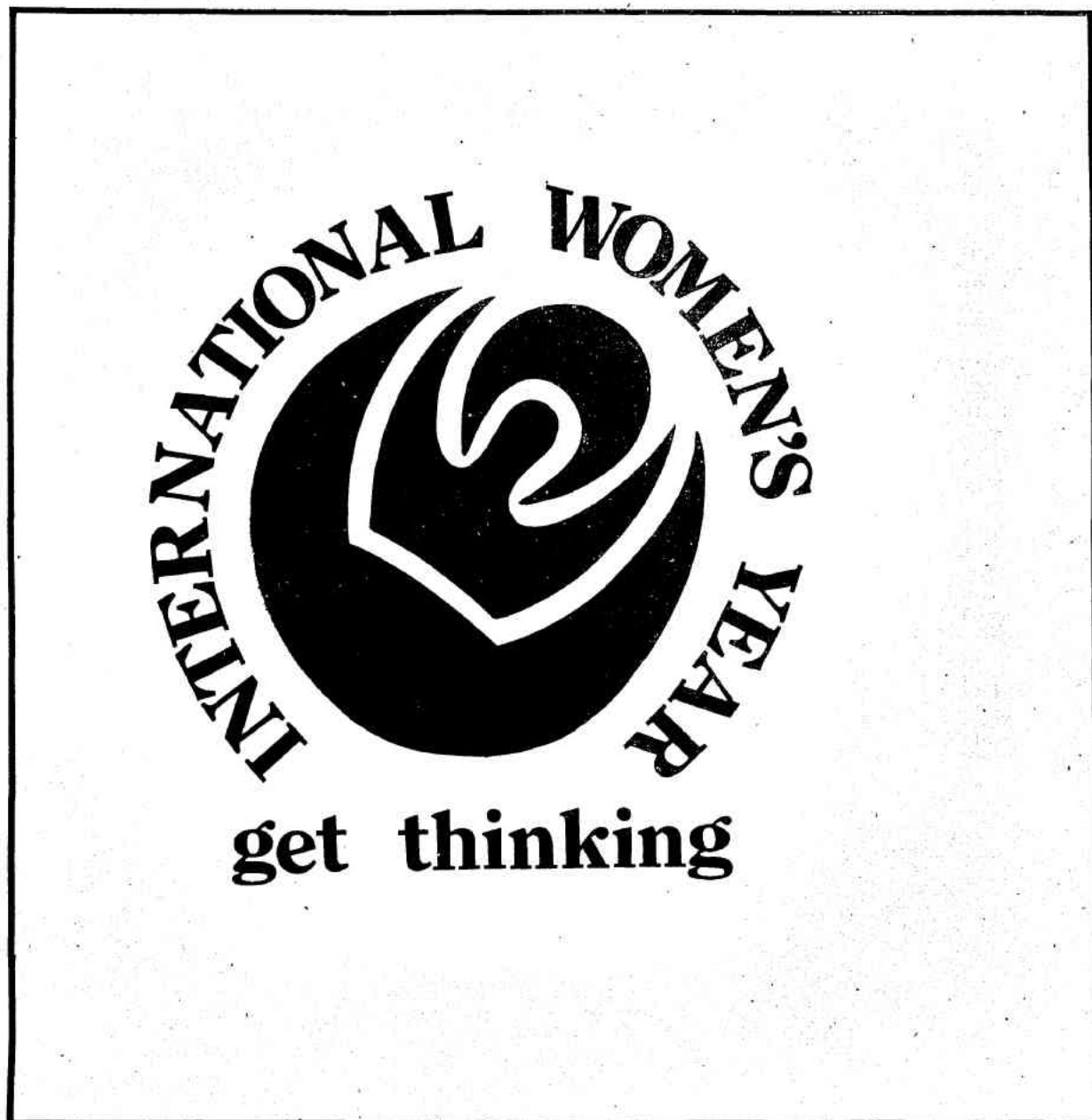
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night and cigarettes smoked
by one of the editors provided
by brett stokes and entert-
aining company also provided
by the above mentioned but
especially by bern jon tricia
prue bern julius and others
who i can't remember too
well and we collected 32
glasses and as i'm writing
this the sun is pretending to
be less than an hour away
i hope godfrey doesn't mind
this being late and that it...
oh shit...morning all



RADIO ANU

INTERIM PROGRAMME

Monday

7am - 9am Walter Pearson Breakfast
 2pm - 5pm Lectures
 5pm - 7pm Sunset Kit Wong
 7pm - 7.10 ABC News - Campus News
 7.10 - 8pm Crimson Dawn - Anada Marga
 8pm - 9pm Folk Rob Parnel
 9pm - 11pm Classics
 11pm - 1am Progression Rob Byrne

7.15 - 7.45 Comment J. Terry, D. Buchanan
 7.45 - 8pm Students' Association Comment
 8pm - 9pm Theatre Review Tony Black
 9pm - 11pm Jazz C. Deacon
 11pm - 1am Progression Neil Vousden

Tuesday

7am - 9am Breakfast Walter Pearson
 2pm - 5pm Classics
 5pm - 7pm Sunset Chris Morrissey
 7pm - 7.15 ABC News - Campus News
 7.15 - 7.45 Comment J. Terry, D. Buchanan
 7.45 - 8pm Media Comment C. McEwan
 8pm - 9pm Album Review P. Wise
 9pm - 11pm Rock D. Buchanan
 11pm - 1am Progression Polly Park

Friday

7am - 9am Breakfast
 2pm - 5pm Rock Erica Morrow
 5pm - 7pm Sunset
 7pm - 7.15 ABC News - Campus News
 7.15 - 8pm New Magazine News Magazine
 8pm - 9pm 50's Rock G. Peters, G. Flanagan
 9pm - 11pm Australian Blues Society G. Flanagan
 11pm - 1am Progression

Wednesday

7am - 9am Breakfast Mark Cunliffe
 5pm - 7pm Sunset J. Bottoms
 7pm - 8pm Requested Album J. Dodd
 8pm - 9pm Festival '75 E. Morrow
 9pm - 11pm Folk Terry McGee
 11pm - 1am James B. Beam

Saturday

9am - 12noon Mid-morning
 12pm - 3pm Saturday Sounds I
 3pm - 6pm Saturday Sounds II
 6pm - 8pm Jazzabout C. Deacon
 8pm - 11pm Rock
 11pm - 1am Progression

Thursday

7am - 9am Breakfast Mark Harrison
 2pm - 5pm Classics
 5pm - 7pm Sunset
 7pm - 7.15pm ABC News - Campus News

Sunday

9am - 12noon Mid-morning
 12pm - 3pm Classics
 3pm - 6pm Sunday Sounds
 7pm - 8pm Pieces A. Bruce
 8pm - 9pm International Music
 9pm - 11pm Folk Pete Wise
 11pm - 1am Classics

if only i could remember where i planted it



BOOK REVIEWS



BADGE — John Duigan
MacMillan, 1975. \$5.95

'Badge' begins poorly, with Duigan over-indulging in trivial clichés and a surfeit of mixed, pretentious, metaphors.

"... wrench the debris from the avalanche, before the flood subsides..." is certainly a mouthful; but in the first twenty pages, it's the tired regurgitation of social depression that bored me quicker. One example should be ample demonstration —

"views are only possible where there are alternatives, the leech (society) belies alternatives, we are not conscious of it being a view, we grow into the leech's framework like a blindfold..."
shit, eh! But after these flashes of conceptual originality and pithy comment, Duigan finally pulls his finger out. What then emerges is a narrative from varying perspectives and the best patches are those nominally objective and only mildly descriptive. These structured interpretations of his central characters' thought flows are generally simple, effective and sympathetic (if not always accurate or brilliant). When Duigan resumes his 'emotive, aesthetic' escapades, however, things still ain't too hot.

Duigan's main problem, however, is that his aims are too high. He attempts to present the personal (ideological) dilemmas of his characters within the limitations of those char-

acters. Although the particular problems they face are hackneyed and monotonous it is, nonetheless, no simple matter. Duigan tried, but in attempting to sustain his characterization he has to sacrifice clarity (and quality). Joe (the central character) can't understand the complications that the novel attempts to highlight. By speaking through Joe, Duigan narrows his scope and unfortunately he doesn't have the ability to express complex concepts in a simple idiom.

In retrospect, it's a pity Duigan felt the necessity to write a 'socially relevant' novel first up. He has the talent to write simple, lyrical prose. He is, like what I said before, a sympathetic writer, and in 'Badge' he establishes several (dare I say it) 'poignant images'. He also exhibits the occasional flash of dry humour. All too occasionally.

"The 'badge' of membership, the animal which compels each human to face social reality" as they say in the dust jackets. We have all been through the self examination, the identity crises, the social questioning and rejection Duigan puts Joe through and one can always ignore social reality and avoid facing it.

... Also, the book is a bit expensive.

JEREMY BENDER

THE BLAST AREA — John Tranter
Makar Press, 1974. 36pp.

This is John Tranter's third volume of poetry in which his existential vision of the world with its preoccupations with fast living, trivia, lunatics, the nature of art and the inevitability of despair are further explored.

Given any one of the poems to read one is bound to be impressed by Tranter's sculptured style and sensitivity to language and cadence. However, once one has acknowledged the high intelligence and careful craftsmanship that has gone into the writing, there is an uncomfortable feeling that most of the poems were written according to the dictates of some formula for writing poetry that Tranter has locked up somewhere in his brain.

Many of the poems follow the same train of images and events, as is particularly evident in the second section, *Cheap Thrills*. Here, each poem begins with a character or situation associated with the fast life of auto racing which leads to a short, and sometimes incisive, exploration of the character and ends either with some sort of epiphany or an anticlimax designed to deflate the expectations aroused by the main body of the poem.

All well and good, perhaps. But after twelve poems of this sort one begins to detect certain elements of the Tranter formula. It is as if Tranter selects certain events and channels them into his mind where they are immediately associated with one or several of his immense reservoir of images of remorse, despair, madness and trivia and then the whole thing is moulded into the poem. Too often one has the feeling that the poems have been programmed rather than written.

The end result of all this is that there is a deadening *sameness* that runs throughout the book. Unlike a poet such as Yeats or (in Australia) David Malouf, whose poems reinforce each other, Tranter's poems tend to negate each other by virtue of their similarity of theme and treatment of theme.

This is not to say, however, that Tranter cannot produce some excellent poems in this vein. 'The Guadalcanal Motel' is direct and vivid, and Tranter's sureness of tone and phrase is compelling:

They hold no holidays at the Guadalcanal Motel: the Sergeant stumps about the dusty yard trying out his new leg and the President weeps in his spiderweb study while the peons run chattering off the rocks and drown themselves in the grey Pacific.

And Tranter's essentially bitter vision of things is expressed concisely and firmly in 'The Dubious Synthesis':

'I keep making some synthesis,' she said, 'and it never works. Speed, power, greed. Do you call this living?'

Within his formula Tranter can man-

age a fine command of colloquial speech. Sometimes it verges on slickness, as in 'Mark' but elsewhere adds dramatic force to the poetry. Tranter is deeply influenced by the Eliot of the *Wasteland* and *Preludes* and can employ the same sort of striking visual image which characterises the best of the early Eliot. From 'The County of Love',

There are great fingers of ice that turn to rain then to acrid tears, there is a house for the blind, and in the house, a morbid Supervisor seeing everything, who in his uniform stares each day at the old blind men.

Sometimes this style degenerates into a quasi-romantic wash, where the Tranter formula stares you in the face. One recalls 'The Poem in Love' part 11:

When did the wind 'wither through the sedge' like a madman running fingers through his hair? Force your hesitance. Make do. Face the sheet of glass. Despair.

The Blast Area is a book I can recommend only with severe reservations. Tranter is an interesting poet who has the resources to become a very good poet. I can only hope he forgets or loses this formula he has become addicted to and can put some variety into his treatment of subject and theme.

KEVIN HART

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**RECORD
REVIEWS**

**CRIME OF THE CENTURY –
SUPERTRAMP**

(A & M SP - 3647) Import

Supertramp are a band I'd personally never hear of before this L.P., but I'm told they've been around for some years, lurking in the depths of England. I'm also told their other albums are, if anything, better than this one. If that's so, they must be pretty good, because 'Crime of the Century' is one of the best albums I've heard in recent months.

Supertramp consists of five members, keyboards, guitar, bass drums and sax being the basic format, although like most bands these days other instruments creep in from time to time. It's pretty hard to compare them with other bands, but I suspect Genesis fans will think a lot of this record. Someone must, because its going up the English charts quite fast. Hopefully it will be released here in Dinkumland.

'Crime of the Century' is, I suspect, a concept album. And, like all good concept albums, it is fairly hard to say what the concept is. I'd plumb for some kind of statement on repression in society, especially English society.

The album opens with a few cogent comments on the repressive attitudes of modern education authorities (take note freshers, this could be the thing that will convince you to leave Uni before its too late) in a song called 'School'. The album meanders from there, through references to one form of repression or another until you reach the final title track. I suspect the 'Crime of the Century' is the theft of one's individuality within the framework of our society. Very heavy and commendable stuff, but this is, after all, a band. So how do Supertramp stand up musically?

Very well, I have rarely heard such a pleasant band to listen to, and at times they border on inspiration. I can't fault anyone in the band, with the possible exception of the vocalist, who seems a mite affected. However, its all in a good cause and no doubt people who like, say, Jethro Tull's or Genesis' affected vocals will go apeshit over this guy's singing. This album has some real gems on it, notably 'Hide in Your Shell', 'Dreamer', 'Rudy' and 'School' but nowhere does it sink below entertaining. That

is surely enough in these grim days. As I said before, the music is so hard to typecast. Not for ethnic blues or folk freaks, as it thumps occasionally, I feel this album would not be amiss in the same record collection as 'Dark Side of the Moon' by the Pink Floyd. Melody, a long-ignored musical component in the rock world, rears its pretty head quite frequently. To top it all off, this is a good recording, well engineered and you can actually hear what the vocalist is singing. Whether or not you like his lyrics, it's nice to have the option. Do yourself a favour. If you're sick of run of the mill records, give a listen to the nicely structured, well-played music of Supertramp.

A side:

1. School (5'35)
2. Bloody Well Right (4'26)
3. Hide in Your Shell (6'52)
4. Asylum (6'30)

B side

1. Dreamer (3'19)
2. Rudy (7'07)
3. If Everyone Was Listening (4'05)
4. Crime of the Century (5'20)

HOUSE ON THE HILL – AUDIENCE
(Charisma CAS 1032) Import

This album comes in a rather neat cover. It's a fold-out, and on the front there's an English drawing-room with a slightly bemused couple in it. When you open it out, you see what they're bemused about. Dark, hidden secrets of the ruling class and all that.

The record inside is good, too. I first heard this on someone's super hand-made quadrophonic set and very impressed I was. Listening to it on a somewhat more humble set only confirms my suspicions that Audience are another very classy band.

A four-man band with bass, percussion Electric (?) classical guitar and a chap who plays sax clarinet and flute, they put out a sound unlike any other band I've heard. They cross from hard-rock to soft-folky stuff with ease. I honestly don't know where all these superb little groups come from or how they exist. The playing on this album is extremely good, although I shouldn't think it would appeal to everyone. It does to me, and if I had my way Suzi Quatro would be out and these fellows in.

The title track would have to be the best on the album, but not by much, even if it does remind me of King Crimson. There's the best version

of Screaming Jay Hawkins' 'I Put a Spell on You' I've heard, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Arthur Brown stand to one side. 'Jackdaw', the opening track is another beauty, with booming saxophone and lovely guitar. The guitarist is also the vocalist. He has a voice that's like a cross between Robert Plant and Cat Stevens. Seriously. He also is the first classical guitarist I've ever heard with a fuzz pedal but we'll let that pass.

There's even an instrumental called 'Raviole', with a string section from the London Symphony Orchestra. 'Raviole' is some kind of Hungarian jig. No doubt you'll be curious to hear it. All the other tracks are good as well. And once again, I'm proud to say, this is a clear, well-produced recording. Two in one week. I can't get over it.

I would like to see this album do well, as I said before, but it won't. Consequently you won't see it on the racks in Australia. So if you're looking for something different, go to an import shop and have a listen to this. Buy it. Amaze your friends with your knowledge of unsuccessful and obscure English groups. As they sav in the cigarette ad, you'll be so glad you did.

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